

Simona DIRLECI
“Ion Creanga” National College

Letter to My Little Phoenix

Dear Amai,

It's been almost seventeen years since you left the world of silence. That universe you were born in was neither painful, nor visible to the people around you. And still you couldn't give up on the feeling of having an incomplete life, could you? You probably wanted to forget those years in which your heart had been trampled underfoot because you were not like the others. But do you even remember who you are and how you were reborn?

You are an incredibly smart, beautiful and warm-hearted girl. You were born on a cold rainy day in 1991. The first thing your big blue eyes saw was your mother's sorrow, her cheeks wet with tears as she was holding you in her arms. Actually, that was the first and the last time you ever felt her heart beat. She loved you, you know? But she thought she might not be able to do it, so three years later you found yourself in the same cold, dirty orphanage, in the middle of an empty room, bullied by the four girls who couldn't stand the fact that you, *The Deaf*, were allowed to breathe the same air. You couldn't hear them, but you felt their hatred knocking at the door of your heart...and you saw their eyes devoid of any light and warmth.

Did you know that people usually listen to music when they feel sad? But what was music to you? What was the sound of the birds singing like? Had birds, and all the other creatures in the world any voice that would “speak” to you back then?

It was the 12th of February, the very first time you had ever watched TV, but then your eyes feasted on an incredible show performed by a famous ballerina. Her graceful dancing “talked” to you with such intensity, that you started dreaming of becoming one, too. But there was something missing...

The next day you found yourself standing in front of an imposing, brown-haired man and a shy, thin woman who smiled at you, took your hand and gave you back your freedom. This is how your days of suffering vanished as if touched by the wand of a sorcerer.

A few days later they brought you into a large room with lots of strange devices. You lay on a small bed and closed your eyes as you saw some abstract, white silhouettes approaching.

You woke up in a world you couldn't understand. It was all so different. At that time you thought you had been reborn or had travelled to another dimension in only a few hours. Yes, a lot of love and care made it possible for you to become normal, hear the voices of the people who loved you, feel the music and leave the silence behind.

Oh, Amai! It was that moment you knew your dreams would come true. But have you ever really been deaf? What is this all I'm writing to you about? That's impossible – you are now

the world's most famous ballerina, so it must be a mistake. How could a few hours change someone's life in such a way?

I hope you will never cry again, but if you do, remember you once couldn't even hear your sobbing...

Please don't write back. You are now your own universe.

Best wishes,

The Universe you have become